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Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

CANCELLED WEDDING OF THE LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTER.



The sudden cancellation of the wedding of the Lord Mayor's daughter, who was to have been married yesterday afternoon to Mr. J. A. C. McCalman at St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, has created much sympathy in City and West End circles. Almost at the eleventh hour Mr. McCalman sent a message to the Lord Mayor, in consequence of which the marriage was cancelled. The large portrait is of Miss Ritchie. In the top right-hand corner is a photograph of Mr. McCalman, and on the opposite side is the Lord Mayor. The pictures at the bottom show the Mansion House, where the wedding reception was to have been held, and the Lady Mayoress, Miss Ritchie's sister.—(London Stereoscopic Co.)

TIRELESS JAPANESE.

Another Movement to Encircle Kuropatkin.

PORT ARTHUR'S FATE.

85,000 Men Massed for a Grand Assault.

Inactive as the Japanese forces in Manchuria seem, they are really engaged in another great scheme.

Yesterday's telegrams indicate that they are once more attempting a wide encircling movement, which threatens to envelop the entire Russian army near Mukden.

Separate Japanese forces are approaching Tieling, forty miles north of Mukden, from east and west, with the object of cutting the railway and preventing the Russian retreat to Harbin, their main objective.

The Russians are retiring from Mukden to Tieling, and General Kuropatkin reports that, notwithstanding the terrible weather, the Japanese are advancing on the Russian positions, and have established their camp about twelve miles from Mukden.

FOILED JAPANESE.

Hurrying Up Reinforcements for a Decisive Battle.

KAOPANTSE, Sunday (via Tientsin, Monday). The Japanese are greatly disappointed at the failure of the army's plan to bring about a final and decisive battle at Liao-yang, in which they hoped to utterly smash the present Russian Manchurian army.

The Japanese are pushing up reinforcements and supplies to the north in every conceivable manner. The estuary and tributaries of the Liao River are crowded with boats, while native wheelbarrows stream along all roads and by-paths bearing grain and ammunition to Liao-yang, the new headquarters of Field-Marshal Oyama, where the Russian settlement is slowly being transformed into a modern Japanese town.

There is, therefore, every indication that the Japanese intend to accept or force, if possible, a decisive battle with the Russians, on their own ground, which, on account of the time necessary for Russian reinforcements to arrive, is likely to be at some distance north of Mukden.

RUSSIANS WILL RETURN.

Many incomplete permanent bridges create the impression that the Russians have been destroying the railway, but everything is intact, as the Russians expect to return, and have posted proclamations along the line warning the Chinese not to damage the railway under pain of future punishment.—Reuter's Special Service.

FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Days and Nights of Extreme Tension at Port Arthur.

There is every indication of renewed energy at Port Arthur, before which the Japanese have massed 85,000 in preparation for a grand assault.

The Russians evidently anticipate a desperate attack from the north-east, and as their ammunition is believed to be running short, and the garrison has been greatly depleted by deaths and sickness, news of the capture of the fortress may speedily arrive.

DARING JAPANESE SOLDIER.

CURRY, Monday.

A Japanese at Port Arthur on the 9th inst. attempted to blow up the wall behind which the Russians were waiting. He calmly carried two boxes towards the Russians. He was allowed to approach quite near, and was then shot down. When the body was examined it was found that the boxes contained lyddite with fuses attached.—Reuter's Special Service.

SECRET STORES FOUND.

COLOGNE, Monday.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Kölnische Zeitung" says: "In a secret depot which was recently discovered at Port Arthur, and which the Chinese established before the Chino-Japanese war, there were found between 90,000 and 100,000 lbs. several old Krupp guns, which are still serviceable, large quantities of powder in good condition, and also, it is stated, rifles and cartridges in numbers."—Reuter.

ENGLAND'S "LOUD SNORES."

Mr. Kipling Thinks We Are Ruined by Excessive Prosperity.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
PARIS, Monday.

"England, ruined by excess of prosperity, sleeps, and because it snores loudly imagines it is thinking."

Thus Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in a letter which appears in the "Figaro." It was written to Mr. Robert d'Humieres, a French author, in acknowledgment of his book, "The Island and Empire of Great Britain."

"Your remarks on the Army," says Mr. Kipling, "strike me as perfectly just. You put your finger on the vital point of our system when you speak of soldiers who 'understand that they must not understand.' I believe you touch there the secret of many of our successes, and also many of our reverses. It is the first thing that we teach our boys."

OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS.

"I am with you heart and soul," continues Mr. Kipling, "in what you say of the value which should be attached to a good understanding between the two countries, not only because of its present utility, but for the sake of to-morrow. Our two peoples, it seems to me, are the complement of one another in temperament and destiny, logically and in reality."

"Even were this not the case, one must remember that there is not so much liberty left in Eastern Europe that the two standard-bearers of human freedom can afford to dispute between themselves. Both have to do with enslaved peoples, with the inhabitants of blinded or throttled lands, where the word of the monarch is absolute law. If we were to quarrel, who would be the gainer? The Middle Ages furnished with modern weapons. Can anyone doubt this?"

"Believe me," says Mr. Kipling, referring to the coldness of our national temperament, "our 'chastity' is not all cant. It is an administrative necessity imposed by the density of the population."

MISSED HER PREY.

Americans Disturbed at the Arrival of a Russian Warship.

WASHINGTON, Monday.

The unexpected entry of the Russian armed transport Lena into San Francisco has caused great stir in official circles here.

The vessel left Vladivostok to intercept a steamer which had a valuable contraband cargo for Japan, but missed her.

It is probable that the United States Government will order the ship to sail within twenty-four hours of the official notice of her arrival if she be seaworthy. Conditions will not be allowed to shape themselves so that the Lena can sail to prey on American commerce, even though carried in Japanese bottoms.—Reuter.

THE KING IN SCOTLAND.

The King journeyed from Rufford Abbey to Balmoral yesterday, arriving at Ballater shortly after six o'clock in the evening.

At York, and all the stations through which the royal train passed, large crowds assembled, and gave his Majesty an enthusiastic greeting.

When his Majesty reached Newcastle-on-Tyne a number of letters were delivered to him from the Post Office, including one from Queen Alexandra, who is at present in Denmark. This the King read before resuming his journey.

Upon arriving at Ballater his Majesty was met by the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, both attired in Highland costume, the King himself wearing a suit of Scotch grey tweed, with a sprig of heather in his button-hole.

After the usual greetings the royal party drove to the Castle.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GIFT.

Before leaving Aalesund Queen Alexandra made a donation of £100 to the new Children's Home at that town.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS USE DUM-DUM BULLETS.

The following telegram from Tokio has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"Our Manchurian Army reports as follows:—Two kinds of dum-dum are found among the prizes in the Liao-yang battle. They resemble cartridges for Russian rifles of 1890 type. Some wounds of our men are suspected to have been thereby caused."

LONDON TO HAVE A MOSQUE.

Plans for a mosque, which is to be erected in London as soon as a suitable site can be found, are now on their way to Constantinople for the Sultan's approval.

This novel addition to London's religious architecture will be of sufficient size to accommodate the 2,000 Mohammedans resident in London, and will be adorned with a beautiful minaret.

LOVER'S MURDER TRAP.

Message That Lured a Girl to Her Doom.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.

"Come to room eight at the Hotel Francais, and you will find my dead body."

Such was the message a M. Louis George sent to a pretty little Parisienne. Mlle. Marie-Victoire Batelin, who was found lying shot in the very room from which the message came.

M. Louis George was a man of good middle-class family, who, having a post in a bank, had robbed it of money to spend on the beautiful little Parisienne, who knew him as the "Viscount de Redort."

But when she heard how his funds were obtained she renounced him. All his attempts to win back her love had failed. It was only after a feverish morning of telegrams that he induced her at last to come—to her death.

When the sounds of the shots were heard the murderer rushed bareheaded down the hotel staircase with a smoking revolver in his hand, knocking several people over in his haste. He was lost sight of in the street, and has not yet been arrested.

His victim was literally riddled with bullets.

WAITING FOR A PRINCE.

Italian Town Decorated in Honour of the Expected Baby.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Monday.

There is great excitement in the little town of Raconigi, where the court is anxiously awaiting the confinement of the Queen of Italy.

The townsfolk have already decorated the town in honour of the event. From the royal castle to the railway station a long line of electric lamps has been placed, and coloured lamps festoon the town hall and the castle.

Every householder has a stock of gaily-coloured cloths and wreaths of leaves, which will cover the front of each house as soon as the cannon announces the happy event.

They will probably be wanted within the next few days, and five nurses, the first being an English hospital nurse, have been in attendance for the last fortnight. Everyone is greatly excited at the prospect of an heir to the throne.

OXFORD DON'S SUICIDE.

Overwork and Insomnia Lead to Tragedy.

Overwork and worry, which caused insomnia, drove Mr. Henry Butler Clark, an Oxford Don, to commit suicide.

He had been engaged on a literary work in the south of France, but his health breaking down under the strain, he went to his father's at Torquay to recuperate.

Rendered desperate by his inability to sleep, he purchased a double-barrelled gun at Torquay, then hired a cab, and while in it shot himself through the mouth, leaving a note which said: "Take me to the police-station."

At yesterday's inquest the jury, returning a verdict of Temporally Insane, expressed sympathy with the dead man's relatives.

PARROT AS PEACE-MAKER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.

Madame Vercoigner, wife of a tradesman of the Rue de Turbigo, left her husband some days ago as the result of a quarrel.

She took with her all the furniture and the family parrot, "Vert-Vert."

The husband was meditating proceedings when, passing a house in the Rue Turanne, he heard his parrot yelling "Viens pousse!": its accustomed cry.

A climb up six pairs of stairs brought him to his wife's room. He entered, and in a moment all was made up between them, the parrot yelling all the time with joy.

SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY'S PENSION.

A very small prisoner named Henry Dexter, aged six, was charged at Bromley (Kent) Police Court yesterday with wandering.

It was stated that the lad was in receipt of a pension of 8s. from the War Office, his father having fallen in the South African war.

The boy was remanded for a place to be found for him in an industrial school.

1,000 HARDY ANGLERS.

One thousand anglers sat on the banks of the river at Abingdon yesterday, covering a distance of six miles, and in squalls of rain and boisterous wind fished for prizes amounting to £100.

The highest take was 8lb. 4oz.

CANCELLED WEDDING.

Day of Grief at the Mansion House.

RETURN OF COSTLY GIFTS.

All London's sympathy was yesterday with the Lord Mayor and his cruelly-wounded daughter.

The day, which should have been the happiest in Sir James Ritchie's year of office, was profoundly sad. It was devoted to the melancholy task of undoing the preparations made for the wedding of Miss Constance May Ritchie, whose lover has mysteriously disappeared on the eve of marriage.

With a brave stoicism that won him universal respect, the Lord Mayor discharged as usual, in spite of private griefs, his public duties as chief magistrate. He sat in the Mansion House Justice Room, while his servants were removing from the civic abode the superb bride's cake and the delicacies of the wedding-feast.

Upstairs in her room, constantly attended by the Lady Mayoress, Miss Ritchie bore up with an effort, while fate was completing the blank in her life.

The order of Miss Ritchie reached its acutest stage at 2.30 yesterday afternoon—the time when she ought to have been standing a happy bride before the altar in St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook.

Many sympathisers, friends and strangers, timed their messages of comfort and cheer to arrive at the Mansion House between two and three o'clock, with the kindly idea of supporting the disappointed bride-elect when the weight of her misfortune would be hardest to bear.

WHERE IS THE BRIDEGROOM?

The vanished bridegroom, Mr. John A. C. McCalman, still keeps his own counsels regarding his whereabouts. His association with the Mansion House is, of course, permanently sundered, and no one in the Lord Mayor's family desires to hear more of him.

Mr. McCalman had not even taken steps to save his best man, Mr. T. R. Boxwell, the trouble of a fruitless journey from Scotland. That gentleman only learned on his arrival in London yesterday of the dramatic facts of the cancelled marriage.

Besides the best man, many other guests had come to London from long distances, only to discover that there would be no wedding.

"The only point to McCalman's credit," said one of the guests, "is that he had the moral courage to go two days before the marriage rather than two days after."

The motives of the bridegroom are as mysterious as his movements. Not even the members of his own family know where he is, whether he travelled alone, or with a companion.

As recently as last Friday he and his betrothed went on a shopping expedition, as other young couples at a similar period do. For weeks previously Mr. McCalman had officially resided at 15, Walbrook, beside the Mansion House, in order to qualify to have the banns published.

THE CITY'S SYMPATHY.

Among City restaurants and smoking-rooms yesterday, wherever men and women congregated, the cancelled wedding was the topic, and the feature that impressed everybody was its strangeness.

Rarely has anything like it, in distinguished circles, happened before.

Whatever may have been the reason that drove John A. C. McCalman to break off his engagement on the eve of his wedding, the City had a chorus of sympathy for Miss Ritchie. It was curious to observe the resentment with which "Citizens" regarded such an indignity done to the traditions of the Mansion House.

Fully 500 presents will be returned in all directions to-day. The splendid collection includes:—From the Court of Aldermen a superb diamond necklace; from the Court of Common Council a pair of diamond earrings and table silver and cutlery; from the high officials of the Corporation a large silver bowl.

The Lord Mayor, his daughters, and Mrs. McCalman all gave cheques.

Presents were also made by the Speaker and Mrs. Gully, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Ritchie, Sir Forest and Lady Fulton, Sir George and Lady Faudel Phillips, Sir Alfred and Lady Newton, Sir Horace and Lady Brooks Marshall, Sir Francis Green, Sir John and Lady Knill, Sir James Blyth, Sir Horatio and Lady Davies, Sir Thomas and Lady Brooke Hitching, Sir Edwin and Lady Durning Lawrence, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, and many other leading people.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Fresh southerly to westerly winds; cloudy at first, with local showers; fair afternoon; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time: 7.20 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate generally.

"MIRROR" DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Saturday, September 24, Our Readers Get Free Admission.

SHILLINGS A HALFPENNY EACH.

A sensation was caused yesterday by the publication of the figures showing the extraordinary rapid rise in the circulation of the *Daily Mirror*. To-day there will be another sensation. To mark the phenomenal success of the paper its proprietors have decided to take a step absolutely novel in the history of newspaper enterprise.

This is nothing less than a *Daily Mirror* Day at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 24th inst.

The *Daily Mirror* on that day, in addition to being its own bright self, an epitome of the most interesting news in paragraphs and photos, will contain a coupon entitling its readers to the delights of a day at the Crystal Palace.

The price on that occasion, when it includes admission to the Palace will be the ordinary halfpenny, so that every copy of the *Daily Mirror* sold on September 24 means a present of a shilling to each of its readers.

Special Programme for the Day.

This admission to the Crystal Palace does not exhaust the whole of the advantages which the *Daily Mirror* is offering to its great army of readers.

On Saturday, September 24, quite special railway facilities will bring the Crystal Palace even more within the reach of its readers than usual, and a special programme of amusements, of which the details will be given later, will enthrall them after they arrive.

This special programme will be in addition to the ordinary entertainment of the Crystal Palace, which is one of the few places of amusement in England where a whole day of enjoyment may be spent.

Its enormous size renders it the only possible rendezvous of the multitudinous readers of the *Daily Mirror*.

The Crystal Palace, with its Zoological collection, its switchback railway, maze, tropical department and aquarium, consistently caters for everyone, and its more recent features include the café chantant, Maxm's flying machine, the water chute, Far East war pictures, the topsy-turvy railway, and the rapids.

A Record Offer.

Last, but not least, it must be remembered that on Saturdays Messrs. Brocks give their world-renowned fireworks display.

Such is the offer which the *Daily Mirror* lays before its readers, confident that on Saturday week the two Crystal Palace stations will be thronged with enormous crowds of happy pleasure-seekers, every one of whom, on showing their *Daily Mirror* coupon, will participate in the most wonderful instance of newspaper enterprise ever seen—*Daily Mirror* Day at the Crystal Palace.

WORLD'S OLDEST SHOWMAN.

Thought of the Poor Workhouse People in His Dying Moments.

Mr. James Rhodes, who died at Leeds yesterday at the age of eighty, is stated to have been the oldest showman in the world. He was originally a herbalist and pill vendor, but turned showman and actor.

He had been a clown, and played many burlesques of his own devising.

On his death-bed he said to his son: "Don't forget to invite the people in Holbeck Workhouse up to the show on showing their *Daily Mirror* coupon."

He had for years past given the inmates of that institution an annual free entertainment, and his request will be complied with.

CHILD'S LAST FAREWELL.

Going to the window of a third-floor room to wave a parting farewell to her brother, Mabel Hoare, aged three and a half, of Drummond-street, St. Pancras, overbalanced herself, fell into the street below, and was killed.

Accidental Death was the verdict yesterday.

LUCKY SOUTHEAST VISITORS.

The two visitors to Southend whose portraits appeared in yesterday's *Mirror* were Miss Emily Boaz and Mr. Thomas Robinson Smith. They were each awarded a *Mirror* fountain pen and five shillings.

Two more photographs of Southeast holiday-makers are published this morning.

RATE WAR EXTENDING.

There is no end to the Atlantic rate-cutting war. The three Liverpool-Canada lines, the Allan, the Dominion, and the Canadian-Pacific, have all decided to reduce their steerage fares from £3 to £2. Booking will be made from London at this rate.

TOWN IN DARKNESS.

Failure of Gas Supply Causes Strange Scenes.

There is now a great demand for candles in Aldeburgh-on-Sea, caused by the sudden failure of the gas supply.

The town crier went round an hour before the town was finally plunged in darkness on Sunday evening and gave warning of what was about to happen.

Lamps were commandeered by the post office, bicycle lamps and candles enabled visitors at the hotels to get through their dinners, and the service at the parish church was finished with the aid of an acetylene bicycle lamp. People who had to go out generally took lanterns with them.

The same state of affairs prevailed on both Sunday and last night. Indignation meetings are being held to protest against this extraordinary state of affairs.

SMASH ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Broken Axle Suspends Traffic for Nearly Two Hours.

The breaking of the axle of an engine caused the entire traffic of the Underground Railway to be stopped for close on two hours yesterday afternoon.

The breakdown occurred in the tunnel between Mansion House Station and Blackfriars. The train had only just left the Mansion House, and had not got up speed, when the axle smashed. Had the engine been travelling at any rate loss of life could scarcely have been averted.

The passengers walked back through the tunnel to Mansion House Station. A breakdown gang took from about 4.15 to six o'clock to remove the engine from the line.

Serious inconvenience to the public was caused by the accident, mainly because it was nearly three-quarters of an hour from the time traffic was stopped before the booking clerks refused to sell tickets, so that hundreds of waiting passengers crowded the platforms at every station.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Free Remedy Offered to Readers of the "Mirror."

"I have a sure cure for drunkenness, acting for ever after one dose.

"I give the remedy for nothing, it is harmless, and yet I have not found many people willing to take it."

Mr. H. Booten, who writes to the *Mirror* in the above strain, is discouraged. For quite fifteen years he has wished to cure drunkards of their complaint, but has found that drunkards refuse to be cured.

Mr. Booten explained the nature of his cure to a *Mirror* representative.

"It is not a drug," he said, "it is not a herb, it is not a medicine. It is a combination of certain very natural things that are not expensive."

The cure is available to any *Mirror* reader who may choose to make a trial of it.

"ACT OF A MADMAN."

Mr. Kensit's Son Deplores the Westminster Abbey Explosion.

"The act of a madman," said Mr. John Kensit, the secretary of the Protestant Truth Society, when interviewed by a *Mirror* representative yesterday on the subject of the explosion at Westminster Abbey.

"It is true that we have protested against the image of the Virgin Mary close to the north transept door of the Abbey, but, of course, we do not justify Sunday's outrage."

Questioned about the scrap of paper found near the cracker, which bore the words, "Vengeance for the death of Kensit," Mr. Kensit's son said, "We certainly should not avenge my father's death in that way."

FIRE IN SELF-DEFENCE.

In Theobalds-road early yesterday morning, William Price, a carman, is alleged to have shot Alfred Ryder, another carman.

He had been interfered with, he said, and used the revolver in self-defence.

Later in the day Price was charged at Bow-street with attempted murder and remanded.

PLAYING AT SUICIDE.

"It was only a game I was having," said Elizabeth Bird, a Blackfriars factory girl, charged at Southwark yesterday with having attempted to strangle herself.

The magistrate thought the game rather a serious one, and remanded the girl.

In the garden of Dr. Hoenig, the British Vice-Consul at Dusseldorf, is a sunflower which stands slightly over 12ft. high.

STRANGE POISON MYSTERY.

Man Found Insensible by His Dead Lover's Side.

A sensational double poisoning case is being investigated by the Liverpool police.

About a week ago a well-dressed man and woman, giving the names of Mr. and Mrs. Muir, took apartments at Ruthven's Temperance Hotel, Lord Nelson-street, Liverpool.

On Sunday, as they did not leave their room, suspicion was aroused, and on an entrance being forced, the woman was found dead in bed, and the man lying in a prostrate condition by her side, evidently overcome by opium.

The man was removed to the Royal Infirmary, and he is still in a critical condition. The affair still remains a mystery. Muir is supposed to be a steward on an Atlantic liner, and had expressed his intention of sailing to New York on Saturday.

"CASH ON DELIVERY."

Postmaster-General Wants Opinions from the Public.

Replying to a letter on the suggested introduction of the "Cash on Delivery" system of parcels post the Postmaster-General's secretary has written to a Mr. W. B. Warren:—

"General Post Office, London.

"September 9, 1904.

"Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 2nd inst., relative to the question of introducing a postal 'Cash on Delivery' system, I am directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that he has carefully considered all expressions of opinion sent to him on the subject, whether favourable or unfavourable.

"The majority of the representations on the subject have been made by traders or bodies disavowing, and the Postmaster-General would read with much interest further statements representing the views of a wider public as to the manner in which the proposal appeals to private individuals."

PRIMA DONNA'S SURPRISE.

Ex-Cabinet Minister Presents Her with a Model Motor.

To-morrow afternoon will be a fête day at Ryde, for Princess Henry of Battenberg is taking over a large party to attend the afternoon concert of Mme. Ella Russell.

The prima donna will thus end a most successful concert tour which was marked by a strange incident.

"In Harrogate," she told a *Mirror* representative "an elderly gentleman in a motor-car nearly ran over my little son, and I was very angry."

"But at the evening concert a beautiful bouquet was handed me from that gentleman, and when my maid untied the flowers a beautiful little silver model of a motor-car that ran by clockwork dropped out."

"And who do you think the gentleman was? I found, to my surprise, he was an ex-Cabinet Minister."

CIGAR CAUSES A STRIKE.

Trivial Dispute Causes 170 East London Girls to Cease Work.

Through one cigar being sent back to a girl at the London factory of the Imperial Tobacco Company, in St. Luke's, 170 girls and a number of men have gone on strike.

The cigar was returned to the girl because it was badly made. She refused to remake it. The managers then announced that if any other girls refused to remake badly made cigars they would be discharged.

As a result all the girls sent in their cards and were paid off. Yesterday the male operatives upheld the decision of the females and also ceased work.

POLICEMAN'S LOST CHILDREN.

No tidings have yet been received of the two children of Police-constable Dooling, one of the Central Markets police, who disappeared from their home in Seething-lane, E.C., on Wednesday last.

The pair are brother and sister, the boy Harold being eleven years old, and the girl Ethel thirteen years old. One feature which might assist in the recognition of the girl is that she wears gold wire ear-rings.

STRANGE THEFT SEQUEL.

Shortly after her servant left Mrs. Cave, of Palmer-street, Westminster, missed a bracelet. The girl was arrested, and is now on bail.

Yesterday Lalla Olsen, a hospital nurse, who had been befriended by Mrs. Cave, was charged before Mr. Sheil with the robbery, and the magistrate said he hoped to be able to discharge the servant at the next hearing.

EXCITING RESCUES.

Stirring Incidents of Yesterday's Great Gale.

STORM-BOUND MONARCH.

The pronounced break in the weather has been accompanied by reports of very rough weather at sea. Pleasure craft and other vessels have met with exciting experiences.

A yacht was discovered in distress off Douglas, Isle of Man, just before midnight on Sunday. The lifeboat at once put out to the rescue, while thousands of visitors who had gathered on the shore waited in anxious suspense. After ten minutes the lifeboat signalled that the yacht had been reached.

Its return with the distressed yacht's occupants was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration by the thousands gathered on the shore. In their excitement they almost mobbed the rescuers and rescued. It transpired that Dr. Taylor, a keen amateur yachtsman, of Brooksborough, County Fermanagh, had crossed from Ireland to Port St. Mary, in company with three gentlemen friends, a lady, a little boy, and three local boatmen.

Signals for Help.

When they had started to make their return journey in the evening their rudder-head was carried away in the heavy sea. A course was laid for Douglas, and it was off Douglas Head that their signal for help was sent.

Early yesterday morning a moderate southerly gale sprang up in the Channel. Two of Pearson's barges, anchored in Dover Bay, broke adrift and collided with the Prince of Wales Pier. Subsequently they were towed into safety by tugs.

Later a small yacht, La Sorceress, owned by Mr. Curtis, of Kearsney Abbey, was also driven ashore from her anchorage in the bay. A watchman, who was on board, found himself in danger of being swept overboard, and had to climb the rigging. He was eventually rescued.

Afterwards six boatmen, who were at work on the wreck, endeavouring to anchor her, were swept off by a heavy sea, but escaped with soaked clothing.

King of Belgium Stormbound.

The Belgian royal yacht Alberta, with King Leopold on board, put into Dover in the morning stormbound. The yacht anchored between the Admiralty and Prince of Wales's Pier. Soon after eleven o'clock his Majesty landed from the Alberta's steam launch, and, after a stroll on the pier and an inspection of the western harbour works, he boarded the mail steamer Leopold II. and left for Ostend at noon.

Yesterday afternoon the Lowestoft herring-drifter Endeavour put back to port, which had only been left an hour previously, having lost the mate, a single man named George Flowers. He was casting the anchor when, in a heavy sea, the vessel gave a lurch, and he was pitched overboard. Efforts at rescue were made, but he sank before help could reach him.

Disaster also overtook the Lowestoft smack Sirdar. She was wrecked on the Leman and Over Sands off the Norfolk coast, the crew drowned. The crew were only rescued with great difficulty by a small boat.

Seven Hands Lost.

In a collision which occurred on Saturday 170 miles from Lisbon, the British steel screw steamer Goolistan was sunk and seven of the crew drowned. The Goolistan, which was bound for Plymouth, was laden with wheat from Kurrachee. She had a crew of thirty-five hands, and was the property of the Anglo-Algerian Company, of 24, Leadenhall-street.

The passenger steamer from Liverpool was compelled to run past Llandudno. Beaumaris piers yesterday owing to the high sea.

WEALTH IN A SHED.

Strange Hiding Place for Bank Notes and Jewellery.

Bank notes to the value of £60 and a quantity of jewellery were found in a shed behind the residence of William Spicer, at Dover. They were the results of a burglary in the town.

Spicer changed one of the stolen £5 notes at the local post office, which led to his arrest, and at the police station he told his captors of the hiding-place of other notes and jewellery.

He was charged with the burglary at Dover yesterday and remanded.

NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

The report that Dr. Lang, Bishop of Stepney, had been appointed Bishop of Southwell appeared to have been incorrect.

Yesterday it was announced that Dr. Hoskyns, the Bishop of Burnley, had been offered and had accepted the post.

Dr. Hoskyns is now temporarily engaged on mission work in South Africa. He is a fluent speaker and a splendid organiser.

At Liverpool yesterday Councillor George W. a prominent Protestant leader, was fined 40s. costs for obstructing the public thoroughfare holding a meeting.

Three Hundred Youths Trapped Beside a Canal.

INTERRUPTED PRIZE FIGHT.

"On the side of the narrow pass rose sheer above their heads towering masonry; a grim ascertainment, topped by cruel entanglements of barbed wire. On their other flank flowed the stream, black, sullen, forbidding.

"As the devoted three hundred gazed eagerly to right and left no possible means of escape met their haggard eyes. Only by the strait passages in front and behind was safety to be won.

"But in the pass in front the helmets of the enemy gleamed, while, when despairing glances were turned backwards, there were again helmets surmounting the dark blue uniform of the relentless foe. Far above fierce, helmeted visages looked down on the devoted band from the escarpment.

"Rush Them, Boys!"

"Forward! Rush them, boys!" cried the youth whose iron nerve had made him leader."

The above is not a reminiscence of Thermopylae; it is not even a stray episode from the military manoeuvres. It is simply an attempt to describe adequately the perilous position occupied at 3.30 on Sunday afternoon by three hundred young men of Clerkenwell and Islington, fifty of whom were charged yesterday before Mr. Bros, the Clerkenwell magistrate, with trespassing on the foot-path of the Regent's Canal at a point where York-road crosses it. The three hundred had not trespassed in any raiding spirit. They were merely at the canal side, as in their wont once a week, to indulge in what they regard as the innocent pleasures of pitch-and-toss, roach-fishing, and prize-fighting. Just when the fun was at its height—just when Champion Bennett was about to inflict the "coup de grace" on his antagonist and win a purse of £5—the police were seen blocking every exit, and advancing.

The Shock of Encounter.

With this explanation the dignified narrative interrupted above can be resumed.

The dauntless 300 rallied to the cry of the brave Balding. With strenuous shouts and appeals to their gods, they dashed along the narrow pass. The foe formed up to meet the shock brandishing enormous maces. Routed at the first onslaught, the gallant youths fell in the mud, or sought refuge in the waters of the canal. Fifty of the flower of them were bound and made prisoners."

[Here the dignified narrative ends.] And a very dirty and dilapidated lot they looked as they stood crowded before Mr. Bros. Pitying their miserable state, Mr. Bros let them all off—to be proceeded against singly if the police thought necessary—with the exception of brave Balding and warrior Bennett (one of the immersed) who were bound over.

FREE WITH CHEQUES.

Amorous Young Man's Way with a Banking Account.

Cheques were, it is said, thrown about wholesale by the two young men from Newcastle, Andrew G. Akeroed and John Dennis, who on the eve of their departure for Paris, were arrested at a flat in Dalmeny Mansions, Theobald's-road, on a charge of uttering worthless cheques and obtaining £42 by misrepresentations.

On behalf of Akeroed it was urged at Bow-street yesterday that his mother unwisely allowed him to have a banking account, and after he had exhausted his credit, he foolishly gave several cheques without having any money to meet them.

Constance Beaumont, the prosecutrix, said that she was introduced to the prisoners by "another young lady."

She gave accounts of visits to the Empire and the Pavilion and private supper parties with lady friends, and added that on one occasion Akeroed threw a cheque for £5 across the table to her.

Akeroed was very free with these cheques, but one for £47, on which she advanced £22, was dishonoured.

The youths were again remanded in custody.

DEAD IN A COKE-HOLE.

An extraordinary discovery was made at the Beckett Gasworks yesterday, when the body of a man named Elrick Dorchers, aged fifty-eight, of Blanche-street, Plaistow, was found in a coke-hole.

The body was in a kneeling position in front of the fire in a retort-hole. The man's shovel was lying beside him, and about his neck was a rosary.

GENEROSITY ABUSED.

When Walter Fisher was fined 20s. at Brentford yesterday for stealing plums the prosecutor said: "We are always pleased to give a little fruit to people who ask for it, but they are not satisfied with that, they steal it."

Husband's Last Coin Spent on a Token of Love.

Death has brought release under pathetic circumstances to an aged married couple, who, after seeing better days, had been forced in their old age to seek a precarious livelihood by singing in the London streets.

It is said that the husband, a man of seventy, who passed by the name of Henry de Veaux, was once well known in the musical world, while his wife, who was a few years younger, had been a singer of repute in her earlier days. Latterly De Veaux had played a cornet, and, as an alternative, performed conjuring tricks outside public-houses. The woman attempted to supplement his scanty earnings by singing in the streets.

Before moving recently to Horseferry-road, Westminster, they lived in South Croydon. It is known a gentleman, whom they addressed as "the General," often befriended them while they were there.

On Thursday last Mrs. de Veaux was removed to Westgate Hospital suffering from pneumonia. She died on Friday, and her husband wrote to "the General," who sent money to pay for the funeral. De Veaux spent his last penny on a white chrysanthemum to place on the coffin.

The funeral was fixed for to-morrow. On Saturday night, as De Veaux, heartbroken at his loss, was going upstairs to his lodgings he was heard to fall. He was found lying on the stairs, and was taken to the hospital, where he died yesterday.

Now the bodies of husband and wife lie side by side in the hospital mortuary.

CONSTABLE IN AMBUSH.

Hidden Policeman Springs on a Fugitive Murderer.

The exciting capture at dawn on Sunday of the Norwegian seaman, Eric Lange, the alleged murderer of Mr. Emyln Jones, the landlord of a Pentre hotel was described by a constable at Ystrad yesterday.

About 4.30 in the morning the constable saw Lange running down the Taff Vale Railway line. The constable hid behind a signal-box, and when the prisoner got near sprang out at him.

Lange was without boots or a cap, had a patch of bile on his cheek, and his trousers were torn and soaked with blood.

Thinking that the man was about to attack him, as he put his hands behind him in a suspicious manner, the officer gave him a blow with his staff.

Afterwards at the station it was discovered that Lange carried two knives in his pocket, one of which was fastened by a cord to his waist. A blood-stained handkerchief was also found on him.

Lange was remanded for a week. The inquest is fixed for to-day.

PICKLE FIANCEE.

Charge of Fraud Attributed to a Sweet-heart's Conduct.

Defending himself at Bow-street yesterday against an application that he should be extradited on a charge of obtaining goods by false pretences in Germany, Herz Joseph, a well-dressed young man, attributed his troubles to a broken engagement.

He said that in October, 1900, he secured a situation as a dentist's assistant in Berlin. After a while his employer introduced him to a Miss Stein, who, he said, wished to get married. "In the following January they became engaged, Miss Stein's aunt telling him that his fiancée had inherited £450 from her late father and had a rich relative, who would pay for furnishing their home.

Shortly before the time fixed for the wedding he ordered goods from a number of tradesmen, who agreed to wait for payment until after the marriage. But the engagement was suddenly broken off by the lady, her only excuse being that she had received some anonymous letters.

The magistrate committed Joseph for extradition.

WALKING LARDER.

Sentence of six weeks' hard labour was passed at Marlborough-street yesterday on Andrews Williams, a cook at the Cabin Restaurant in Piccadilly, who was caught walking off with a shoulder of mutton, two steaks, a pound of butter, a pound of sausages, three apples, half a pound of jam, and some cocoa.

"A walking larder!" exclaimed one of the police court audience.

AGREED TO DIE TOGETHER.

The body of a young woman found floating in the Hamoaze at Devonport was yesterday identified as that of Fanny Williams. She and a young man named Charles Capp hired a boat, and later the craft was found empty, a note on the seat addressed to a relative near Bodmin stating that the couple had agreed to die together to save themselves from the slurs of other people.

Capp's body has not yet been recovered.

New sheerlegs being erected at Chatham dockyard will lift 130 tons.

Cleaver Gang Nightly Raid Thames Shipping.

The growing daring of river thieves has roused Thames dock watchmen and ships' captains to a state of abnormal watchfulness.

In spite of the vigilance of the Thames police, ship after ship lying in the Thames below London Bridge has been rifled by what is clearly a clever and well-organised gang.

So successful have they been that within the last few months property and money to the value of nearly £3,000 have been stolen.

Exciting Midnight Chase.

Their work has been marked by some exciting midnight adventures. One captain was awakened by the movements of an intruder in his cabin, who was in the act of rifling his private locker.

Starting up, the captain attempted to seize the thief, who, however, evaded him, and dashed up the cabin stairs to the deck. The captain followed, but a brief chase round the deck ended in the thief jumping over the side of the vessel into the water, from which he was rescued by a comrade who had been lurking in a small boat under the ship's quarter.

Police Practically Helpless.

"The river thieves reap a rich harvest," said a Thames police officer to a *Mirror* representative yesterday. "We keep a very strict watch, but we cannot be everywhere, and among such a mass of shipping thieves can work in the darkness almost with impunity. The only remedy that I can see is better lighting among the shipping and keen-eyed watchmen."

From up-river, also, come reports of river thieves. The houseboat Baby, belonging to Lady Murray, Old Windsor, has been raided and robbed of silver plate and other articles of value.

"ARE YOU COLD, TOMMY?"

Alderman's Sympathy with a Poor Little London Waif.

Clad only in a ragged shirt and a pair of knickerbockers, a seven-year-old boy, named Charles Kent, appeared at the Guildhall yesterday charged with wandering in Liverpool-street. He had been brought there from the City of London Union.

"Do you mean to say," Sir G. Faudel-Phillips asked the constable in charge of the boy, "that the Union officials sent him here through the blinding rain in that state?"

The constable explained that clothes could not be provided for the boy without a magistrate's order.

Sir G. Faudel-Phillips: Suppose he had no clothes at all. I presume he would have been sent here as a pauper. Why, the poor wretch has nothing on his feet!

"Are you cold, Tommy?" the Alderman asked, turning to the boy, and the boy replied, with a shiver, "Yes, sir, very cold."

"Then you shall go back to the union in a cab," the Alderman decided.

CHASED THROUGH A RIVER.

Suspected Forger's Flight from Switzerland to London.

Listening to the story of an alleged forger's adventures, the Bow-street magistrate was carried in imagination yesterday from the drab, commonplace surroundings of his court to the exhilarating scenery of the Engadine.

A young man, named Henry Kampfen, had been arrested on a charge of forgery in Switzerland. To Detective-inspector Sexton he admitted that when he was porter at a Kensington hotel he stole a cheque-book and went to Samaden, where he obtained 500 francs from the Engadine Bank, afterwards going to the post-office to send his wife 200 francs. But, as he came out into the street, the clerk from the bank accosted him and said he must telephone about the cheque.

"Whilst he was telephoning," Kampfen's story continued, "I ran out of the office along the river, and when I was crossing the river, the water being up to my waist, I tore up the other cheque. That night I crossed a mountain, and came back to London."

Kampfen was remanded, it being stated that he married only two months ago a parlourmaid in service at Kensington.

FAT GIRL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Lizzie Dalty, Bethnal Green's nine-year-old fat girl, whose claims to fame were first given publicity in the *Mirror*, appeared at the Cambridge Music-hall last night.

Much to her disgust Lizzie was not allowed to dance, as the laws relating to the employment of children prohibit performances by children under ten years of age. The latest photograph of this phenomenon appears on page 8.

Three men were yesterday remanded at Southwark charged with uttering counterfeit coin.

Military Farce Approaches the Fall of the Curtain.

SELLING SMASHED 'PROPERTIES.'

The manoeuvres, now practically at an end, have been very much unlike real war.

In real war it is unlikely that officers will be able to ask friendly policemen where the opposing force is. The cut-and-dried programme of the War Office has hitherto been faithfully carried out, which in the event of real war is extremely improbable would be the case.

But yesterday a boisterous sea gave a touch of reality to the farce which the War Office so carefully arranged.

Early in the morning the programme was faithfully adhered to. The "Blues," under General French, occupied a line from Brightlingsea to Beaumont Quay, with Weeley Heath as centre. A strongly-entrenched position.

Army Awakes Sleepy Town.

Soon after three a.m. General Wynne's army went through Colchester to give battle to the enemy. The clatter of horses' hoofs and rumble of artillery aroused the inhabitants and crowds of enthusiastic people dressed hurriedly to follow the troops to the scene of battle.

General French, when attacked, retreated towards Weeley, destroying bridges as he went.

At 11.30 General Wynne made a strenuous attack on the invaders at Weeley Heath, and a general engagement ensued, which was apparently according to the programme, and ridiculously unlike real war.

The Brigade of Guards made an impossible charge upon General French's guns, which would have resulted in their annihilation. The men blazed away at each other at close range for hours.

Finally General Wynne's forces found the invaders were too strongly entrenched, and had to retreat.

Rough Seas Stop Embarkation.

General French sent part of his forces to Clacton to embark while he held his position, but then the sea gave a touch of reality to the proceedings.

The weather was so bad that all attempts to get off were abandoned for some time, for the horse-boats would have been smashed up by the heavy seas.

During these manoeuvres eighteen horse-boats have been smashed, and only thirty-six remain. The debris of wrecked boats which had been broken up by bluejackets was sold by public auction at Clacton Pier head at three yesterday afternoon. "Junk," the town-crier, going round Clacton all the morning announcing the sale.

Later in the day the sea moderated, and it is expected that the troops will begin to embark early this morning.

Three bluejackets were injured during the landing last week, and one has had to have his leg amputated.

Alderman Claude Egerton-Green, ex-Mayor of Colchester, and a member of the banking firm of Round, Green, Hoare, and Company, dropped dead from his bicycle at the manoeuvres at Weeley yesterday while acting as compensation officer.

"MATRIMONY" DOES NOT PAY.

Owner of a "Journal for Husbands and Wives" in Court.

"A journal of information, entertainment, and advice for husbands' wives, and sweethearts" is the sub-title of a publication entitled "Matrimony." The owner of this journal, Mr. George Hampton Hunt, added to his practical experience of matters matrimonial when an application was made against him at Penge Police Court yesterday for payment of arrears of maintenance due to his wife.

"Periodically," Mrs. Hunt's solicitor said, "he takes it into his head to stop payment. Last time he went into the witness-box he stated that he employed three or four hands, all of whom got more than he did, except the office-boy."

Remembering that it was not often that the employer was worse off than the employed, the chairman of the Bench made an order for payment.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1903.

FAUCE, AND FAUCE AGAIN.

THE silly fiasco of the manoeuvres is practically over. General French made some spasmodic efforts to give the affair the semblance of real warfare necessary to its usefulness, but the scheduled arrangements of the War Office stood in his way.

He was down in the book to fail, so he failed, after showing superior tactics with a superior force.

Even to the last minute we hoped for something better and worthier of our Army.

The embarkation of the beaten army of invasion, flying to the shore with the defending force at its heels, was to be an invaluable object lesson.

It was to embark in sections while General French, in a strongly entrenched position, was to keep back his pursuers.

So ran the schedule; and, further, the invaders were to get away in spite of all the defending artillery could do to damage boats and transports.

It was all set down, and no allowance made for the accidents which most often decide the fate of armies.

But an accident did happen. The curtain veiled down on such a screaming last act that it is almost possible to credit the sea with a sense of humour and a desire to end the farce well.

It was rough off Clacton yesterday, and the defeated army of invasion was unable to seek safety on its ships.

The Admiralty requires the return of the transports by a certain date, so the troops must walk home.

The Duke of Connaught is down in the book as: umpire. Presumably he will report: "Manoeuvres over. Only winner, the weather." But we fancy he will have something strong to say about the costly and stupid muddle over which he was asked to preside.

"DAILY MIRROR" DAY.

Saturday, September 24, will be *Daily Mirror* Day at the Crystal Palace.

Our readers will be admitted free on the production of a coupon cut from the paper.

Think what it means! A man with a wife and family of ten children will be able to pay a visit to the Palace for the expenditure of a shilling only, the cost of one entrance at ordinary times.

In addition every member of the party will have a copy of the *Mirror* itself admitted by all to be well worth a good deal more than its costs.

Plenty of amusement will be provided, and special trains will be run from all parts of London.

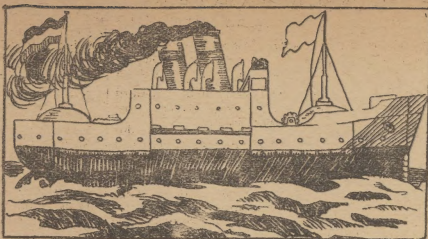
The Crystal Palace, always one of our most up-to-date and picturesque places of entertainment, will surpass itself in its programme of attractions.

Daily Mirror Day will be marked with a red letter by many thousands as the best Saturday afternoon's outing they have ever had.

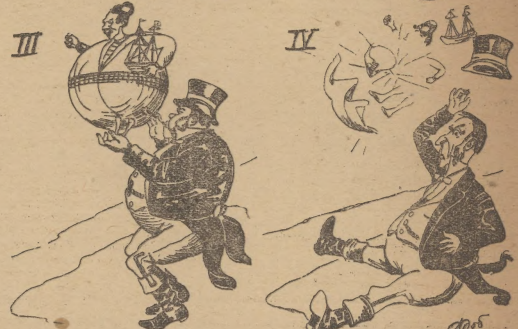
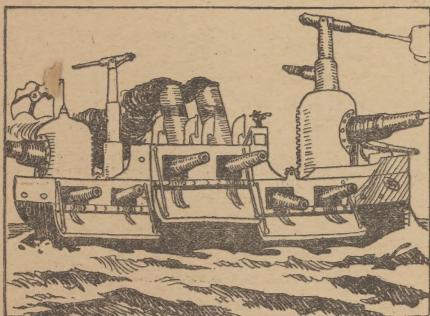
A THOUGHT FOR THE MANOEUVRES.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.—*Duke of Wellington's Dispatch* (Waterloo, 1815).

WAR CARTOONS IN GERMANY AND RUSSIA.



Patent convertible warships for the use of the Russian Navy, suggested by the "U.K." of Berlin. They could start as merchantmen, only to turn into men-of-war when wanted.



JOHN BULL AND JAPAN: (1) If you want to fight you must be made bigger. (2) Just another inch. (3) Just a little more. (4) —!—The "Razvitchenie."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

DR. HOSKINS, who is to be the new Bishop of Southwark, is a good example of the athlete who becomes a Bishop. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and had a most successful career as an oarsman, winning the University pairs in 1872, and rowing in the "Varsity" boat the following year. He has the further distinction of having rowed in the first Inter-University race in which sliding seats were used.

It is bad news, indeed, that Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, has been taken suddenly ill during an audience with the Sultan, for he is no longer a young man. He is over sixty now, and has spent thirty-eight years in the diplomatic service. The whole of his career has been one of unchecked success, but never has he done better than in his present post. His breezy, Irish humour has carried him into high favour with the Turks, who, until his arrival, had always looked upon the British diplomatist as essentially a haughty personage with a bad liver.

Still, though they have nicknamed him "Auconour," which means, in his case, one "with whom it is easy to get on," they have found out that he has a temper. Probably the worst snub the Sultan ever had in his life was the one he got from Sir Nicholas when he made some rude remarks about a pantomime got up by the British residents last year.

Madame Suzanne Adams, who has suffered such a sad blow in the loss of her husband, Mr. Leo Stern, is one of the many Americans who have won a second home in the affections of the English people. She has earned her position on the operatic stage and concert platform by sheer hard work and pluck, and no one appreciated this fact better than Queen Victoria, who did her best to help her. In its early days the motor had a strong supporter in her, and she and her husband were among the first to be seen driving in this country.

At the first opportunity they invariably started off on motor tours, even if it was only a very short one. On one occasion Mr. Neil Forsyth, of Coventry Garden, had to pursue them, for the opera had been changed owing to another singer's illness, and Madame Suzanne Adams was wanted as prima donna. It was only after an exciting chase that he overtook them, and then only just in time. Madame Suzanne Adams has been heard to say that if she had known he would not have caught them. It must not be taken seriously, however, for she is devoted to her profession.

The French Premier, Mr. Combes, who seems to be able to dictate as he likes in France, is a doctor by profession, and still retains his old name-plate, "Docteur Combes," on the front door of his house at Pons. To this day his services are occasionally asked by the townspeople, and he always says

that he finds as much pleasure in their thanks as in the applause for a political victory. In Paris, where he has not this recreation, his chief hobby is the study of foreign languages. When he first took up office he was annoyed to find that members of the secret police were following him about at Pons. He soon put a stop to that, for the town stands high in his affections, and he trusts his fellow-townsmen implicitly.

Like M. Loubet, he owes nothing to the circumstances of his birth. He is the son of comparatively poor parents, his father being an artisan. Practically the first money which came to him was his wife's dowry of £2,000. Five years after he was the chief local doctor, but his ambitions and want of money carried him to Paris, where he worked terribly hard. Five hours sleep was all he allowed himself, the remainder of the twenty-four being spent in work. His political life did not start until less than twenty years ago, when he was elected to the Senate, though he had been actively engaged in the local affairs of Pons for many years before that.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Duke of Connaught.

HE idolises his profession, and that is why he has been so very annoyed at the farcical performance known as the Army Manoeuvres. He does not like to see a serious subject treated like a joke. And he knows what he is talking about, too, for he is a splendid soldier and a capable Inspector-General.

Instead of his royal birth having hindered him in learning his profession it has helped him. He is above the petty annoyances which have prevented many a good soldier showing any keenness. But his birth has stood in the way of his advancement. If he had been the son of an ordinary man he would have been at the head of the Army many years ago.

He hates red tape, he loves the British Tommy, he believes in the Militia, and he thinks his profession the finest in the world. No wonder "Tommy" adores him, and would be delighted to follow him anywhere. And it is not the Inspector-General's fault that he has not had the chance of commanding in the field. He did his best to secure a command in South Africa, but his royal birth was against him.

If he had his way the British officer would be seen in his uniform much oftener than he is at present. He himself shows no sign of a keen desire to rush into mud at the first opportunity.

In appearance he is one of the handsomest of Queen Victoria's sons, and fifty-four years have not bent his back nor dulled his eye. He is as alert now as in the days when he studied minutely the working of every branch of the service—engineers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry.

In short, he looks a fine soldier, he is a fine soldier, and is known affectionately in the Army as "Arthur"—and a nickname means well deserved popularity when it is given by the rank and file.

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

HOSPITAL ABUSE.

I can add my testimony as to the way hospitals are abused by wealthy people who can well afford to pay doctors' bills.

While I was working at a hospital in Nottinghamshire I had to ask a woman to remove several valuable rings from her hand so that I could apply a dressing to it. I drew her attention to the hospital subscription box, but she appeared to consider my doing so as an insult. FRANK S. PAIN.
West Hampstead.

Perhaps as good a case as any of hospital abuse happened the other day. A wealthy lady personally took her maid to a hospital for treatment as an out-patient.

The patient arrived at the hospital door with her mistress in an electric brougham with two men on the box, and the carriage waited while the maid was in the hospital. As I am not a member of the hospital staff, I cannot say what was said inside, but I do know that the lady in question does not subscribe to that charitable institution.

Surely, if she takes so much interest in her maid's welfare, she might pay a small doctor's bill for her, and not expect the public to do it for her. Buckingham Gate. D. WILSON.

WHY THE POLICE DO NOT COME.

While we are all calling out for increased efficiency of the police, now that the burglar season is in full swing, it would be as well if somebody were to take up the question of police whistles seriously.

In the road in which I live one of the tenements owns a parrot which imitates the ordinary cab whistle perfectly. Experience has taught "cabby" to take no notice of this, and the only way to call a cab is to use a police whistle.

If fifty murders or robberies were committed in the road any amount of whistling would not bring a policeman nowadays—and very often not a cab. Elgin-avenue, Maida Vale. J. C. HUMPHREYS.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE.

The mummy's curse has stricken me as well as your other correspondents.

When the photo of the mummy case first appeared a valuable dog sickened, but the paper was sent away and the dog recovered. However, the second photo appeared, and the dog happened to sit on a chair on which the paper was laid. Soon after he simply drooped and died, though he had merely an ordinary ailment.

We are so convinced as to the power of the mummy's curse that we have written to the friend to whom we post the *Mirror* to destroy those containing the photo of the mummy at once.

I have had far too many experiences in the ill-luck latent in certain persons, and even in inanimate objects, to pass over an occurrence such as the death of the dog after contact with that picture as a mere coincidence. P. ARTHUR.
Henley-on-Thames, September 10.

JAPANESE AT MOTIENLING.



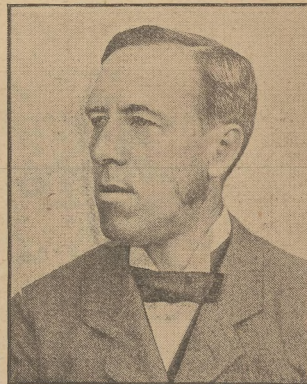
The Japanese in the trenches at Motienling Pass repelling the attack by the Russians.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

BETROTHED ROYAL COUPLE.



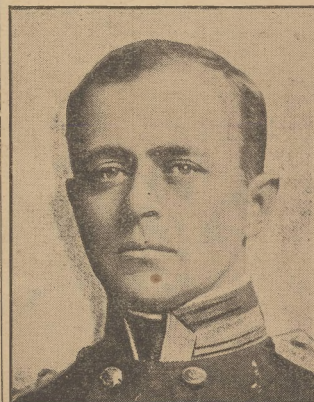
The latest portrait of the Crown Prince William of Germany and his fiancée, the Duchess Cecillie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

DEATH OF MR. JAMES LOWTHER.



Right Hon. James Lowther, who passed away yesterday morning at Wilton Castle. He was a staunch Tory, and a keen and straightforward sportsman.—(Russell and Sons.)

THE DISCOVERY'S SKIPPER.



Captain Scott, of the Discovery, which has arrived in Portsmouth after a three-years' expedition in the Antarctic regions. He has just been promoted to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy.—(Thomson.)

LIZZIE'S WEIGHTY DUTIES.



Here Miss Lizzie Dalty, the Bethnal Green fat girl, is seen engaged in housewifely duties. The tea-cloth, like herself, is built on a large scale.

LONDON AS IT ISN'T.



How London might rival Venice, if you could enjoy a sail in a gondola on the Thames.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

"KILTIES'" GIANT DRUM-MAJOR.



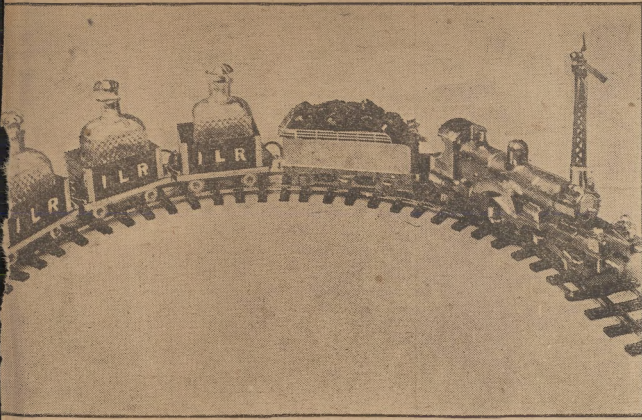
Donald MacCormack, the 7ft. drum-major of the famous Canadian "Kilties" Band. He is here seen shaking hands with Prince Pa Lun. The band will commence their season at the Albert Hall on the 24th inst.

This little
millionai

Jack Ta

5th Ba

A RAILWAY ON A DINNER TABLE.



The railway train has been built by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co. for a dining-table, where it will take round whisky and cigars after dinner. It is driven by a small electric motor, which is concealed in the tender.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES IN ESSEX.



Work breaking up one of the boats which were damaged by the waves at Clacton-on-Sea while transporting the troops to the beach.



The Royal Field Artillery forcing the first position by the invaders after they began to retreat.



Sergeant Antony, of the 1st Dragoon Guards, being carried to an hotel. The Duke of Connaught was extremely annoyed at the delay in finding an ambulance for this man.

BURYING THE DEAD.



The scene of slaughter at the spot where Count Keller fell at Motionling. Japanese soldiers are here seen burying the dead.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

SOUTHBEND PICTURE COMPETITION.



We publish above two more photographs of visitors at Southend, each of whom will be awarded five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen on application at the "Daily Mirror" tent on the beach.



Measuring the hops: The hop-grower's clerk keeps count of the number of bushels gathered by the hoppers, who are paid a shilling for every seven bushels they pick.

QUARTER-DAY.

ADVANCE NOTES ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

It will soon be quarter-day, and the furniture-remover will once more be busy. A few hints to those about to move may not be considered out of place, nor is it too early to offer them, seeing that upon due attention to preliminaries a change for the better, rather than for the worse, depends. Before deciding to move count the cost and recount it, to avoid the surprise of unlooked-for expenses and disappointments. Weigh the advantages and disadvantages of the step most carefully before taking it. Very often the disadvantages weigh most. Having decided to go, make up your mind that all

PLACID PEOPLE.

WHERE NERVOUSNESS IS UNKNOWN.

The women of Japan have long been noted for their perfect poise and self-possession. Their placidity under what would ordinarily be considered trying circumstances has surprised European travellers. The meaning of the term "nervous prostration" is unknown in Japan, and Japa-

A becoming white felt hat wreathed with black feathers and velvet.



Butterflies are in high favour now, and are seen in white and colours upon handkerchiefs and neckwear. Their latest adaptation the adjoining picture shows, where upon a lizard-green net evening gown mounted upon metallic-blue gauze a huge black butterfly is disposed with streamers of jet hanging from it almost to the hem of the skirt.

TOILET TALK.

RECIPES TO CURE VARIOUS DEFECTS.

Pastes are very often used for refining the skin, and an excellent one is made from the whites of four eggs boiled in rosewater, with the addition of a grain or two of alum, beaten until it is thick. This mixture should be spread on the skin and covered with old linen. After it has thoroughly

CHARACTER READING.

THE EAR IS THE LATEST FAD.

One of the latest developments of character reading is to analyse the mind and disposition by means of the ear. The operator holds a magnifying glass to that organ, and discourses learnedly of the intimate anatomy of the soul, one of which is mysteriously conveyed to him by the curves and contour of the ear.

Credulity has its advantages, but why diagnose us by our ears when the eye awaits interpretation? Speech may have been given us to conceal our thoughts, but the windows of the soul will let them peep through, and if one were in the position of having to choose a friend or a husband by mere looks, one would attach more importance to the evidence of the eyes than to that of the most promising ear ever presented for diagnosis.

FOUND THE FOOD

That Wrought a Great Change.

Many people think they cannot live without meat two or three times each day, and yet to many when taken so often it becomes almost a poison, and they would enjoy much better health and possess far keener brains if meat were taken at say only one meal per day.

In its place use Grape-Nuts, a scientifically prepared food, made from wheat and barley, and so prepared that those parts of the grains most important in rebuilding the wasting tissues are retained and presented in a form which is easily digested and quickly enter into the blood.

One pound of Grape-Nuts possesses more nourishment than the body will absorb than many pounds of meat, bread, etc.

It is not the quantity of food we eat that does us good, but the part that digests, and there is no waste in Grape-Nuts. Every ounce counts. The great good accomplished by this pure food in the cases of a Norwegian lady and gentleman is interesting. She says:—

"A few years ago circumstances obliged me to leave my native land, Norway, to come and live in England. After three months' residence in the neighbourhood of London, my health (which had always formerly been good) began to fail. I suffered from acute indigestion and constipation, so that life really became a burden, and my great fear was that I should be obliged to return to Norway. I consulted two medical men, but the remedies they prescribed had little or no effect, and I became quite weak and ill. I saw in the papers how beneficial Grape-Nuts food was, and thought I would try it, being convinced in my own mind it was the regular English food that caused my troubles. After a week's trial I felt the Grape-Nuts diet was doing me good. I had less pain and lassitude, and altogether felt encouraged to continue the food, and at the end of a month may truly say I had not only put on 5 lb. in weight, but felt my old self again, and am now quite strong and well."

"I have a cousin who also came from Norway, and suffered greatly from constipation, no doubt occasioned from change of food, as they eat much more meat here than they do in Norway, so I recommended him to try Grape-Nuts, which with great reluctance at first he did, and now he is much improved in health, which he says he owes to Grape-Nuts diet, and which he finds very agreeable."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT

Tooth Powder

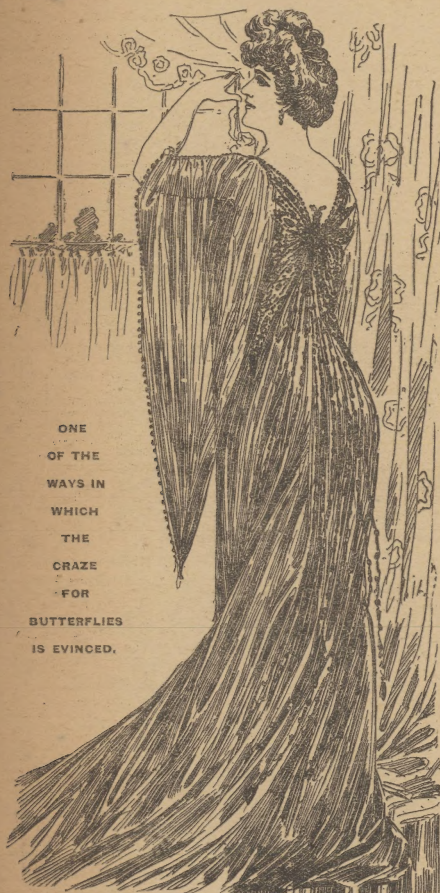
Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT AMERICAN DENTIST

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

THE "TIMES" INSTANTAL PLAN. DIAMOND RINGS, WATCHES, 18ct Gold Alberts, Bracelets, etc. (ES upwards)—Kendal and Dent, Government Contractors, 106, Chapside, London. Lists free. Telephone 8,751, Central.

Force the "easy" food. No trouble to get ready. No trouble to digest.



ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE CRAZE FOR BUTTERFLIES IS EVINCED.

painting, papering, and repairs shall be completed before moving into the house.

Employ the best-established firm of removers you can possibly afford. It will be the cheapest plan in the end. Before giving an estimate the principal (or his clerk) calls to inspect your household effects. Let him be shown every apartment, including stables and outhouses, if there be any.

Let the estimate include the feeding of the men. Let it also include the packing of all ornaments, china, glass, etc., but not books.

Be Careful with the Books.

Books need intelligent care. Pack these in advance in suitable cases—not too large—with plenty of paper padding. Mark each case and the respective shelves to which the books belong.

Protect with soft coverings handsome bedposts, leather and satin chairs and sofas, delicate picture frames, plated dish covers, and the piano, etc., before the men enter the house.

Pack all small mats, table covers, and oddments belonging to a room in some receptacle or the wardrobe of that room's furniture. Let the pillows, sheets, and blankets of each bed be neatly tied in a clean dust sheet, and labelled.

Wardrobes require to be emptied. Drawers may be left as they are—though not too full. Cover each with sheets of paper well tucked down all round.

Carpets may be taken up a day beforehand, and sent to the cleaner's with instructions to deliver them at the new address on a specified day.

nese physicians are rarely rich. An explanation of this happy state of affairs has been made. To begin with there is never any change in fashions in Japan, so the Japanese woman has no worries at all on that score. Then Japanese housekeeping is greatly simplified, compared with that of other countries, so the Japanese housekeeper is hurt by none of the jars and frets that kill the nerves and prematurely age her Western sister. The Japanese house has no draperies, and therefore no dust traps in the shape of superfluous ornaments. People all put off their shoes on entering the house, so neither mud nor dirt is brought in.

Japanese women have no heartburnings over bridge stakes. They never sit up at nights planning how they may outshine their rivals in dress at some social affair. They do not bother their brains with schemes for marrying their daughters to rich foreigners. They never have to give eight-course dinners out of two-course purses. They live simple, happy, peaceful domestic lives, and live them long. This is the cause of their placidity, says a well-known traveller.

Chenille straw in various colours and in shaded effects will figure largely upon autumn millinery.

Linen coats are now elaborately embroidered, often with a touch of gold.

Some of the new petticoats of the finest muslins have lace-edged, deep flounces up to the very knees, run through with ribbon at the top.

SPLENDID TRAVELLING BAGS.

CROCODILE LEATHER, GOLD, AND TORTOISE-SHELL.

Travelling bags have reached a point of development that may truly be defined as luxurious, and one recently made to order for a prominent society bride is an example of the beauty of material and workmanship that distinguishes these modern accessories for the comfort and convenience of the wealthy voyager. The case and its leather fittings are made of crocodile skin in its natural colour. All the toilet appointments are in the finest 18-carat gold, perfectly plain, except for a light hand-hammering, which gives a charmingly broken surface to the precious metal. The brushes, powder cases, manicure set, and so forth are of exquisitely-marked amber tortoise-shell, and every article is mounted with the initials of the owner, carved out of solid fine gold and riveted on to the background.

Autumn sunshades are made of very heavy silk in plain colours with extremely long wooden handles that match the silk in colour.

Stockings and slippers alike are hand-painted in Paris, and beautiful slippers are embroidered to match the colour of the dressing or rest gown.

London welcomes the revival of the jamptown crown hat, and all the milliners are selling models copied from the Marie Antoinette or Directoire periods.

Mr. "Jimmy" Lowther, Who Owned a Stable, but Never Made a Bet.

After a long illness, Mr. James Lowther died at Wilton Castle, Redcar, at half-past three yesterday morning. The cause of death was paralysis.

The news was received in Thane, the late member's constituency, with widespread expressions of regret.

By the death of Mr. James Lowther the House of Commons has lost one of its most remarkable and popular members.

It is thirty-nine years ago since he made his first appearance in the House, at the age of twenty-five, as member for York. During the thirteen years that he retained this seat he, as one of Disraeli's favourite young men, was in turn Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and finally Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Annoyed the Irishmen.

It was during his Chief Secretaryship that he made the whole House laugh at an unhappy Irish member. As a Mr. E. J. Synge, remarkable for his loud voice, got up to address the House, Mr. Lowther hastily rose also.

"Where are you going, Lowther?" cried an angry Irishman.

"Out on the Terrace to hear Synan," was the disappearing Chief Secretary's retort.

Since 1880, at the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's government, Mr. Lowther has never held office, but has proved a very popular and efficient Chairman

of Committees. For many years the only avowed protectionist in Parliament, his policy in the House has been to lead the great struggle in beginning to be an abjectee.

As "Jimmy," the right honourable gentleman was known to the whole world. In society he was a bluff, genial, popular downright man; on the Turf he was an upright sportsman, an authority on sport in whom the people reposed, and a great purist in the matter of Turf morality. He was a member of the Jockey Club, and a great figure at the Gimcrack Club dinners.

Tory of the Tories.

In politics he was a Tory of Tories. The inventor of the genre art of objection he could scarcely fall round a subject better than any man in the House. When Irish Secretary he won the hearts of Irishmen by wearing a sprig of shamrock in the House on St. Patrick's Day.

That he never allowed politics to interfere with sport is shown by the fact that on one occasion he intended to divide the House on the motion that Mr. Farrer's sermon should be printed. It chanced that it was a great racing day, and "Jimmy" went to Newmarket instead.

Mr. Lowther was the youngest son of Sir Charles Hugh Lowther, and it need hardly be said, belonged to that great Cumberland family of which Lord Londsdale is the head. Though a great racing man, and an owner of horses, he never made a bet in his life. He was a bachelor.

Mr. Lowther's photograph is reproduced on page 8.

His death will cause a by-election in the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent, which has hitherto been a Conservative stronghold. The last time there was a contested election, in 1894, Mr. Lowther's majority was 1,044. In 1895 and 1900 he was returned unopposed.

SEEKERS OF MIRACLES.

Invald Englishmen-Leave To-day for the Waters of Lourdes.

One hundred English pilgrims will leave Charing Cross this morning for Lourdes on the annual pilgrimage to seek miraculous relief from mental and physical afflictions.

The party goes in charge of Father O'Reilly, of the Kilburn Roman Catholic Church, who has been the spiritual conductor of these pilgrimages for many years.

Father O'Reilly told a *Mirror* representative yesterday afternoon of marvellous cures which could only be ascribed to miracles.

"Last year," he said, "we took a person suffering from paralysis with us. He was carried down to the waters and walked up alone and unassisted, as whole in body as you or I. But such a case, of course, could not be put down to a miracle. It might have been merely a nervous affliction."

"But," he continued gravely, "I have seen such cures effected at Lourdes as pass all mortal comprehension. They were miracles, nothing else."

Consumption Cured.

"Let me tell you of the most astonishing thing I ever witnessed there. It was my first visit, but though I have been many times since I have seen nothing more wonderful. A young American in the very last stage of consumption was brought by his friends."

Seated at the side of the water on his bed he was obviously dying. His doctor stood at his side, and we were grouped about the bed praying. As we prayed there came the awful sound of the

death rattle in his throat, the limbs quivered, and relaxed into the quiet stillness of apparent death. "The doctor bent over him and made the final examination. 'He is dead,' he said sadly, as he straightened himself."

The priest stopped a moment. Then he continued, slowly and impressively, for the last anointment. Because he was already dead I chose the shorter service. As I drew to the close it seemed that one of the hands of the dead man moved.

"I gasped. Then slowly before my eyes the rigidity of death changed to the easy posture of one awakening from sleep. The next moment, the man, whom the doctor had certified dead, arose and walked across to his friends. I was terror-stricken. I clung to the rails, and my whole body shook in an agony of fear. A friend took my arm. 'It is all right,' he said soothingly, 'such miracles have happened here before.'"

Father O'Reilly had told the story with the fervour of a prophet. He had testified gravely, "The man lived, and was able to live the ordinary life of an invalid. On the next anniversary of the day he died."

DISCOVERY POSTCARDS.

Some interesting and valuable picture postcards, mementoes of the Discovery Antarctic expedition, are being sold by Wrench, Limited, of Ashurst-street, New Oxford-street, W.C.

They consist of a set of four postcards, one posted from the Discovery on the day of its departure from London, a second posted from Cape Town, a third posted from the ship's last port of call in New Zealand, and a fourth posted from the first port of call on the return journey. The postcards are sold at one shilling each, or three shillings for the set.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

 CHAPTER XXXII. The Great Bear Squeeze.

The day after the mining engineer had left England to test the truth of Alured's letter, Gramphorn commenced buying Mashangweland shares. He had saved nearly £100,000, and this amount, carefully expended, will go a very long way in purchasing shares at rubbish prices.

The spot indicated by Alured in his letter was on the territory owned by the Mashangweland Investment Trust, and Gramphorn turned all his attention to this particular company. The shares stood at 1s. to 1s. 3d., and he already owned more than half of them. He set to work to purchase the rest, and by the end of October he held every share in the company. Yet the share register did not disclose this fact. There were a score of names on it, and Gramphorn only appeared as the owner of 50,000 shares out of a total capital of a million. But all the other shareholders were merely nominees, and for all practical purposes he owned the whole stock of the company.

The buying was done carefully, but the enormous extent of the transaction raised the price of the shares to 3-4. Then Gramphorn ceased to operate and bided his time.

On December 3 Gramphorn received a long cable in cipher from the engineer in Mashangweland. It confirmed Alured's letter and stated that in all probability Mashangweland would one day be the richest gold-producing country in the world.

Gramphorn deciphered the message with a white face and trembling hands. When the glorious truth was made known to him, he rose to his feet, and, walking over to a new map of Mashangweland which hung on the wall, placed his hand on the part of it which he had already owned. The little office faded from his sight. The fertile plains and snow-capped mountains of a great colony floated before his eyes. He already saw bearded miners wrestling gold from the solid rock. He saw men toiling in fruitful valleys, that teemed with corn and cattle. He saw the flag of England flinging out the message to all the world, that this fair land was part of British Empire.

Then the vision faded from his sight, and the click of the typewriter in the next room reminded him that a business man has no time for dreams. Stupendous power had been suddenly placed in his hands. It only remained for him to use it to the best advantage.

Gramphorn said that, properly directed, this piece of news would serve a three-fold purpose. It would rouse British enthusiasm, and the Government would be compelled to annex Mashangweland. It would give him the means of revenge on those who had ruined him, and finally it would make him one of the richest men in the world.

This last point required no attention on his part, and he dismissed it from his mind. Whatever happened, he owned all the shares in the Mashangweland Investment Trust, and the new-found gold mine would be practically his own property. But the other two matters required careful attention.

That very afternoon he obtained an interview with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and after a hard struggle, in which he had to exert all his finest

powers of argument and oratory, he persuaded the Minister to his own way of thinking, and obtained from him an assurance that the Government would sign no treaty with Germany until the truth of the cable had been tested by a Government engineer.

Then Gramphorn turned his attention to revenge. He had already decided on a course of action. He intended to work a second boom, because he was certain that no one would believe in it. He had been shown up as a liar, and when a proved liar wishes to deceive, he has only to speak the truth. Gramphorn had resolved to publish the cable to all the world.

The very next day he sent a copy of it to the Stock Exchange and to every paper of importance in London. A large number of editors consigned it to the waste-paper basket. Some published it without comment. Others made a few sarcastic remarks about its authenticity, and very few pleasant little paragraphs about the first Mashangweland boom. Gramphorn chuckled as he read them.

The next day he called on the editors of the most important journals, and openly offered them money to boom Mashangweland. His offers were declined with thanks, and he knew that he had done a good day's work.

He then set to work to buy Mashangweland Investment Trust. He knew well enough that there were no shares to be had. But he also knew that there would be plenty of sellers. He bought assiduously and openly, and dined the praises of Mashangweland into the ears of every financier he met.

The result was precisely as he had anticipated. Mashangweland Investment Trust moved upwards, but the public, once bitten, were twice shy, and stood aloof. The professional financiers listened to his eulogies with their tongues in their cheeks, and refused to do more than to look at the worth when the shares had reached a decent figure and there was a chance of making a good profit. They reckoned that he had made some money elsewhere and was trying to rig the market. They were astute men—these City fellows—but not so deep as John Gramphorn.

At the end of the month the Mashangweland Investment Trust stood at 14-15. They had been forced upwards solely by Gramphorn's purchases. No one else had bought them. The "bears" decided that it was time to come in, and they began to sell heavily. As fast as they sold Gramphorn bought.

Then, on January 13, he received a letter from the Foreign Secretary, stating that the Government engineer had confirmed his statements, and asking him to call at the Foreign Office. He drove round to Downing-street, and before he left he had arranged with Lord Purley that the news should appear in all the papers on the following day.

The next day was account day on the Stock Exchange, and Gramphorn received polite intimations from various quarters that it would be impossible to carry over his shares that account.

"I will pay for them," he said to the representative of one great firm. "I only hope that your clients will be able to deliver me the shares."

At the end of the month the news burst on the financial world like a thunder-clap. An independent engineer had been sent out by the Government to investigate the truth of Gramphorn's assertions, and the engineer had cabled back that in all probability the deposits of gold on the land owned by the Mashangweland Investment Trust would exceed those found on the Rand.

The scene on the Stock Exchange that morning beggars all description. Orders poured in from the public for Mashangweland Investment Trust shares, and the professional operators tumbled over one another in their eagerness to buy. But there were no sellers. And, before a quarter of an hour had passed, it became evident that no one had any shares to sell. Two pounds, three, four, and five

pounds a share were offered, but still there was no response.

"Ten pounds a share!" cried someone in desperation, but no shares were forthcoming at the price. Men who were short of these shares grew very pale, and relapsed into silence. A sudden hush fell on the whole house. The market had been cornered.

The great corner in Mashangweland Trust is now history. The "bears" were short to the extent of nearly three hundred thousand shares, and they could only buy from John Gramphorn at what price he chose to ask.

He took new and larger offices, and engaged half a dozen clerks. Before the next account his offices had been visited by all sorts and conditions of men, each anxious to save himself from ruin. Some he let off lightly, and let them go, but the bargains of several small speculators. But he dealt unmercifully with all those who had assisted in his downfall. It cost one big operator nearly half a million sterling to purchase a block of 5,000 shares, which he had sold at £1 10s. apiece. This man had used the whole weight of his name and wealth to precipitate the former crash in Mashangweland securities.

Many fish came into Gramphorn's net during these few days. The great Lord Lothbury had been unable to resist the opportunity of another thrust at the fallen financier. Arthur Wilkinson, ever on the look out for money, thought he had struck another little gold mine. Both had put their pride in their pockets and approach Gramphorn in a spirit of humble conciliation.

Wilkinson left the office stripped almost to his very skin. And Gramphorn reserved for Lord Lothbury a still more humiliating revenge. He cancelled the bargain.

"You," he said, as the peer was about to leave, "that you turned coward too soon. The spoils are reserved for those who fight."

But the day before the account was the day of Gramphorn's greatest triumph. At four o'clock in the afternoon one of the clerks brought in a card, and, as Gramphorn looked at the name, his face faded, and the fingers of his right hand closed on the arm of his chair, as though he were trying to squeeze the insensate wood to death. For the card bore the name of Mr. Harry K. Burt, 1977, Cleveland-avenue, New York.

 CHAPTER XXXIII. An Eye for an Eye.

"Show the gentleman in," said Gramphorn, making an effort to appear calm; "show the gentleman in, Lawson."

A few minutes afterwards a bronzed and bearded young fellow entered the room. He wore a soft felt Alpine hat, and his whole appearance was that of a smart young American. His beard and moustache had grown since Gramphorn had last seen him in New York. He limped slightly, and there was a queer look about his eyes. He spoke to George Stanton to any one who believed that George Stanton was dead.

"Sit down, Mr. Burt," said Gramphorn, pleasantly; "what can I do for you?"

"Wal," replied Mr. Burt, "it's like this. I've got caught in your damned gold squeeze, and I want you to let me out. I'm a young fellow with a strong American accent, and Gramphorn could scarcely control a smile.

"I reckon this visit costs no ice with me," he continued, "but I've got tickled, and have to crawl, Mr. Gramphorn."

"Yes," replied Gramphorn, "you will certainly have to crawl, Mr. Burt. How many shares are you short of?"

"Only 2,000," replied Burt cheerfully. "I'm," said Gramphorn, "it's probably more than you can pay for. A man who left here two hours ago paid me £100 a share."

"Gee whizz," said Burt, "that's pretty tall. Wal, I can't do that, Mr. Gramphorn; I have got 100,000 dollars, and I'll give it you. That's 50 dollars a share. You can't squeeze him out of a stone, I reckon. If you don't accept my offer I'll cut and run, and you won't get a red cent."

"I am sorry to have to refuse," replied Gramphorn, "but business is business, you know. If I remember right, you made a pretty thing out of the last slump. Had previous information, hadn't you? Also, by all accounts, you did well over the wheat corner last November. Didn't you, didn't you, out of £200,000 dollars?"

Mr. Burt scanned Gramphorn's face eagerly, but he could read nothing from the calm mask of his features.

"Wal," he said with a drawl, "you seem to have got stock of my career, any way; but it won't do any good to squeeze me too hard, Mr. Gramphorn."

Gramphorn rose to his feet and leant over the desk.

"I am going to squeeze you," he said, slowly and deliberately, "till I have squeezed the last drop of blood out of your body. I am going to move things so unpleasant for you that you will be discredited in every civilised country of the globe. I am going to hunt you down, till you will pray for the quiet of the grave. That is what I am going to do with you, Mr. George Stanton."

The young man rose to his feet with a cry of horror, and the two men faced each other. It was fortunate that the door was open, for Stanton's fingers would have been at Gramphorn's throat.

"Do you think I don't know you?" Gramphorn continued coldly. "I traced you to New York last summer. I know the whole story of your pretended suicide. I have been waiting for you, and you have come into my web like a well-laid fly. I am afraid, Mr. Stanton, you are but a clumsy scoundrel, and quite unfitted for a life of deception. I shall publish your whole story to the world. Men will know what you are. I committed a fraud for England, but you committed it for £20,000, and even then you had not the decency to be faithful to the man who employed you."

"Curse your black soul," cried Stanton. "It is you who have made me what I am. You found me penniless and starving, and tempted me, tempted me through my love for a woman, held out as a bait the money that would make our marriage possible. I went on your cursed errand, and when I returned, I found that you had taken the woman from me, that you had blackened her fair name, that you had made her false to all her vows of love and fidelity. That is your share in the matter, Mr. Gramphorn, and, if you can look on it with equanimity, you are a blacker scoundrel than even I imagined you to be." Stanton stopped. He was white to the lips, and he was looking every now and then his hand went back, as though to a hip pocket.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Stanton," Gramphorn replied calmly; "Juliet Aumerle has always been true to you. In your absence I proposed to her and she refused me. After your supposed death she was still faithful to you. It was only on learning of the shameful fraud you had practised, when she knew that you had willingly caused her weeks of anguish and suffering, that she found you to be unworthy of her love. She would have mourned all her life long for you, if I had not discovered your life deception. As it is, she has now promised to be my wife."

For a moment Stanton was silent, but his face was horrible to look upon. Then, with a cry like that of a wild beast, he whipped out a revolver and pointed it at Gramphorn's heart.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

German Crown Prince's Match a Subtle Political Move.

The forthcoming marriage between the German Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has so many political seasons that it is a remarkable coincidence if it has anything to do with love.

The marriage is a union between the German, Russian, and Danish Royal Families, but an aspect of it quite unfamiliar to English people is now existing Germany.

This is that it marks a rapprochement between the Hohenzollerns and the Royal Family of Hanover; for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the brother of the future bride, was married so recently as June 7 to the Princess Alexandra of Hanover, daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.

Sop to Hanover.

Now, the German Emperor's most consistent policy is the appeasement of Hanover. Ever since 1866, when the Prussians seized the little kingdom from its blind King after the battle of Langensalza, Hanover has always been disaffected.

It provides a party in the Reichstag bitterly hostile to the Emperor, and when it can do nothing else its old families help to return Social Democrats, with the sole idea of infuriating his august Majesty.

The German Emperor, except for his telegram habit, is one of the most profound and subtle politicians in Europe. The hostility of Hanover has been met and almost conquered. He spends millions of marks on the old Court Theatre. He orders that school children shall have holidays whenever he appears, and he frequents wedding feasts of people of good family, but of no other importance.

He showers decorations on prominent men, and the Empress displays an interest in Hanoverian good works out of all proportion to their extent. His most flattering attention to Hanover itself is a statement attributed to him and never contradicted, that he wishes to make it the capital of Germany.

Photographs of the Prince and his betrothed appear on page 8.

GREAT RAILWAY WORK.

Two Hills Removed To Make a New Port.

Eight years ago a Bill was introduced into Parliament to empower the Midland Railway to build a new harbour at Heysham, on the coast of Lancashire.

This harbour has now been completed, and the railway company has a part of its own from which steamers will run to the Irish coast and the Isle of Man.

A tremendous amount of work has been necessary. Over ninety-five million cubic feet of soil had to be removed, and two hills had to be levelled.

The machinery is all of the very latest type, and it will enable coal to be carried straight from the railway wagons to the gas producers without the aid of human hands. This, it is calculated, will be a saving of 80 per cent. of the labour usually involved in handling coal.

The work has all been carried out by an English firm, Messrs. Graham, Morton, and Co., of Leeds and London.

LAW FOR LOCUSTS.

Locusts constitute such a danger in the garden Colony of Natal that special legislation has been recently passed for their extermination.

The ingredients and the mechanical and other appliances used in the destruction of these pests are carried free out of the railway, but anyone wilfully driving locusts from one property to another is liable to a fine of £50, or six months' imprisonment.

Suddenly jumping up from his bed and shouting, "Hawkins, I'm off!" William Bennett, an Army Service Corps recruit at Woolwich, picked up a rifle and shot himself dead.

ECZEMA OF THE LEGS

and Body is cured by 'Antexema'

Sore legs swollen or inflamed with the ravages of Eczema can be quickly cured by a gentle application of 'Antexema.' The dreadful irritation is instantly stopped by this cooling remedy, which brings rest and sleep to the sufferer, while curing the trouble.



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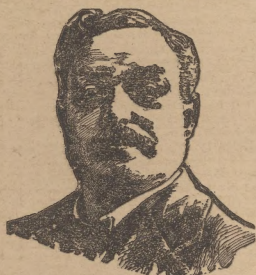
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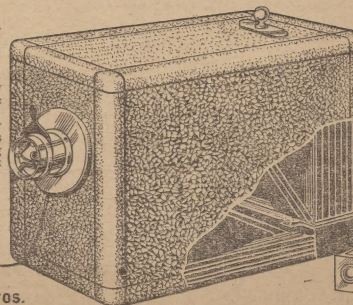
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The Seaford Golf Club's autumn meeting was of a close yesterday, when, in the final of the competition for the Nugent Cup, Mr. E. V. Brown beat J. E. Blois Johnson by 1. Rev. F. R. Brown secured the junior challenge by beating Mr. John Bromley.

The exceptional circumstance of four players heating for first place was associated with the F. G. Club's competition for the September medal. The players were Mr. W. H. Smallwood, 79 less 2-77; P. Haycraft, 87 less 10-77; Mr. C. C. Rawlins, 100 less 10-77; Mr. G. Walker, 89 less 12-77.

There were 3,000 spectators of the drawn match "one goal all" played at Upton Park last evening. It was a friendly game, being part of the consideration to West Ham for transferring Bigden to the Arsenal. Neither side was at full strength; the Arsenal had only five of the men who played against Preston N. End. H. O. Badger turned out at half-back for Arsenal and played a sound game. But Woolwich

